

*Aulus Persius Flaccus*  
HIS  
SATYRES.

---

*Translated into English,*  
By BARTEN HOLYDAY  
D<sup>r</sup> of Divinity, and late Stu-  
dent of CHRIST-CHURCH  
in OXFORD.

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And now newly by him reviewed,  
amended, and enlarged.

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*Hinc trahere quæ dicas. mensamque relinque Mycenis  
Cum capite & pedibus ———*

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*The fifth Edition.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for the Author. 1650.

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D<sup>r</sup> BARTEN HOLYDAY.



Hat None have Dar'd, Thou hast; and  
might'st againe  
With praise, were it undar'd. Did'st thou  
abstaine

Yet longer, none would dare Thee to Prevent;  
If any, what would breed thy more Content  
Then, when by victory, thy glory should  
Be doubled? yea, although recall some could,  
From field of rest, thy PERSIUS to consult:  
Yet would no lesse praise from thy lines result,  
Then that unparalel'd, which now is due  
From those that read thee. Who when they shal view  
How truly with thine Author thou dost pace,  
How hand in hand yee goe, what equall grace  
Thou dost with him observe in every terme:  
They cannot, but, if just, justly affirme;  
That did your times as do your lines agree,  
He might be thought to have translated Thee,  
But that he's Darker, not so strong; Wherein  
Thy greater Art more clearly may be seene:  
Which dost thy Persius cloudy stormes display  
With lightning and with thunder; Both which lay  
Couched perchance in him, but wanted force  
To breake, or light from darknesse to divorce:  
Till Thine Exhaled skill compres'd it so,  
That forc'd the clowes to breake, the light to shew,  
The thunder to be heard. That now each child

*Of all, with titles of true dignity,  
For lofty Phrase, and perspicuity.*

W. CARTWRIGHT.

To his loving Friend Master B. H. upon  
*P E R S I U S* translated.

**T***His work me thinks makes my conjecture bold  
T'affirme th' Athenians paradox is true,  
When by yeares revolution I behold  
Men dead revive; things long since old, grow new:  
For should dead Rome awake, & those loose times  
Which feard and felt this scourging Satyrist,  
She might againe in us review her crimes;  
As fertile is Our age, Nor bath it mist  
The worst of all her ills. Vainly we thought  
Thy ashes (*Persius*) Slept within thine urne;  
Feard not thy lash: hop't negligence had wrought  
Thy lines worse funerall: & at length would turne  
All to obscurity; For how few did strive  
T'enlighten thy darke phrase, unlesse some vice  
Made an acute bad comment: So to thrine  
And purchase perspicuity, is a price  
Thou would'st have griev'd to give. Yet since in ill  
We have or' tane past times: I must rejoyce  
That constant industry should get such skill  
As tell us our bad in *Persius* voyce:  
Whom now all understand: all may endure  
To read, but such as would their crimes obscure.*

T. GOFFE.



With indignation, cause 'twas so profound:  
 But now in Fathers roome a Child is sprung,  
 That reads thy Satyres in a vulgar tongue,  
 No Ambrose, yet with ambrose to be fed,  
 That could so wisely track, where thou couldst tread,  
 He takes away thy vaile, and makes that line  
 Transalpine, which the Romans would confine:  
 Now let thy wandring shadow freely rove,  
 And seeke great place in the Elisian grove,  
 Where since there's store of Bay, for him one knit,  
 That makes the looser Brittaines feare thy wit.  
 Needs must his owne invention radiant be,  
 That cast such beames through thy opacitie.  
 Hence-forth (bright HOLYDAY) to charge refuse  
 Thine owne Terpsichore, with translated Muse.

IN *Latio* latuit *Saturnum* filius: *Aulum*

Sic poterat soboles ista latere suum,  
 Ante tuas (HOLYDAY) faces; hâc luce refulget  
 Pluribus, & cæco, rectior ante, parri.  
 Gymnasiarcha puer, festivus ludat uterque:  
 Per *Festum* vobis otia quanta *Diem*?  
 Nunquam *Pegaseas* libavit *Persius* undas,  
 Aut clausit docto lumina pigra iugo.  
 Nempe tibi, fontem laticésq; & culmina *Phæbus*  
 Servârat: pleno dum satur ore makes.

\* Nec fonte, &c. Nec in bicip. &c.

fundas,

Vt natec *Angligenis Itala* Musa labris,

Δαίδα λέγω ἢ δαῖτα μέλ' ὀρύσσει μῦθοινα  
Δαίδα σκοπιδεῖσιν δαῖτα ἐλέποντι σαφῶς.

JOHN WALL D.D.



Upon the happy Translation of the most  
difficult Satyrist, performed by his  
friend Master B. H.

**I** Sing the Conquest, which an English rime,  
With all its force nere won before this time.

Who thought that there would extant be the man  
That such stiffe, sullen, hardy Romans can  
Subdue, and with an hand learnedly fierce,  
Binde in the fetters of a Brittain Verse?  
Yet here is one that doth: But not as those (chose  
That \* changed shapes, and wandring Trojans  
For to translate, with lines a mile in length,  
Or Paraphrase that tyres, Such is his strength  
And strictnesse, he his Author without wrong  
Lodges in prisons but of five foot long.  
Some I have knowne, that did attempt the same  
Which that they Durst, it was their greatest fame,

\* Ovid. Metamor. Vir. Æneid.

BH

But it was he, none could as Justice say  
At this praise Margent, onely to Assay:  
He with impetuous and all-conquering wit  
That onely had the power to finish it.  
For had they don't, I know they must have left  
Their graver studies, and have filcht with thest  
Guilty of too much sacriledge, more houres,  
Then time would lose; or else those sister powers  
Invoke to lend them Other lives, to plucke  
A vessell with such Remora's bestucke  
To wished shore. But as for Him with strange  
And easie haste, he did his Roman change  
Without complaint of time: No serious part  
Of learning murmur'd, that he did impart  
Houres to the worke. For all this was begot,  
(I speake my conscience) when it was his lot  
To be at Truce with studie. Then judge you  
That shall upon his happy paines, a view  
Bestow, that ne're the Muses Holy dayes,  
Or times of leasure, were with greater Praise,  
Or Thrift, or businesse spent: and likewise since  
He conquer'd hath so fierce a Latin Prince  
Vnto the Rimes and Phrases of Our tongue:  
Decree that Bayes unto his brow belong.

To his kinde Friend Master B.H.  
Vpon his PERSIUS.

**A** S if in travailes farre ingag'd at last  
Return'd, I gratefully thy labours past.

But when unto thy wayes I turne mine eye,  
Dangers obscur'd with dangers I espy,  
I think't a taske too great for humane sleights,  
Vngravel'd or undasht to passe those streights.  
Admiring thy chaste notes, in which unharm'd  
The Syrens lustfull language thou hast charm'd,  
That Art I love, when as 'gainst faith of sense  
By sense of faith I see things flow from thence.  
Nor do I (like to his ore wheeling braine)  
PERSIUS still a cloud, imbrace in vaine;  
This's the substance gives Vice the fatall blow,  
The others thunder few to feare do know,  
On envie, summon all the vices spight:  
Better they should be conquer'd then not Fight.

R. WELDON

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**Aulus Persius Flaccus.**

**HIS  
SATYRS**

**The Prologue.**

**ARGUMENT.**

Need and not Inspired skill  
Makes our Author trie his quill.

**M**Y lippes did never touch the spring  
Of the wing'd horse: nor can I bring  
to minde, that ere I dream'd upon  
Two-topst Parnassus, that thereon  
I might b' Inspir'd and So Vp-start  
A Poet by Infused art.  
And all the Muses that doe dwell

**B**

**Bow**

yo<sup>l</sup> *Bont pale Pirene, and the Well  
Of Helicon, to Those I leave,  
Vnto whose statue's browes doth cleave  
The Ivy-greene incircling Crowne.  
In humblenesse I halfe a Clowne  
Doe onely bring this my rude line,  
Vnto Apollo's sacred shine.  
Yet blame me not for my bold deed:  
Alas! I write enforc'd by \* need.  
Who taught the Parrot his kinde Haile?  
Who taught the Pie to so prevaile  
To frame our words? 'Twas but to fill  
Their belly, master of their skill;  
Which skilfull is to make them reach  
Voices, which Nature cannot teach.  
Nay; if there chance to shine but some  
Hope, of deceitfull Gaine to come:  
Crow-Poets and poetique Pies  
You'd thinke did chaunt sweet ayries;  
And make (when as they harshly Crie)  
A Pegasian Melodie.*

\* A satyricall Ironie Perſus was a Knight of Rome of ſufficient wealth.



THE FIRST  
SATYRE.  
IN  
FORME OF A  
DIALOGUE.

---

The Speakers } PERSIUS.  
MONITOR.

---

ARGUMENT.

*Inspired Poets Art and Pride  
Our Satyrists doth here deride.*

P. O Cares of men ! O emptie Vanitie  
Of things ! M. Who'l read these Wondring Satyrists  
P. s Why?

A. P E R S I U S. F,

*P.* a Why? Dost thou say so my Friend?

*M.* Faith I thinke none.

*P.* How saist thou? *M.* Perchance some two, or. *P.* (None?)

*M.* Tis hard: *P.* Yet Why? Left *Rom'es* b *Polydamas*

And doutie *Troians* should preferre the asse

c *Labeo* before me? Tush; their false doome

Is but a trifle. If disturbed *Roms*

Proudly sleight any thing, scorne to descend

To Their Vaine censures: neither strive to mend

The tongue of thy false ballance in their scale

Which is as wrong: but if thou'dst never faile

Know This: To trie thy secret innocence,

The surest witnesse is thy conscience.

For Who is Not at *Rome*? O that I might

But freely speake, yet speake no more, then Right!

And So I May. Then, when I cast mine eye

On those whose Faces promise Gravitie:

On our sad *Stoicks*: on the things we doe

Since we left off to play with mits: and view

Our actions, when we labour much to be

Sterne Unckles. Then; then! But, oh, pardon me,

I will not touch: Yet can I hold my peace

Urg'd Thus? and from revenge so just, Thus cease?

I'me of a Scoffing spleene. I Love to Flout

At Hypocrites: therefore it now Must out,

a Out of the too abundant varietie of the interpunctions of these three verses following, I could finde none more accurate then this I have extracted, and here used. b Ironically here the Poet calls *Nero Polydamas* who is much famoused by *Hommer* in divers places for his virtue, yea and compared with *Hector*. *Iliad*. μ. c A ridiculous Poet, that translated five Bookes of *Homers Iliads* into verse, word for word, with extreame obscuritie, and no lesse absurditie.

Then



Then Thus.

Being immur'd from each mans sight  
In some obscure retired place, we write  
Some, eu'n-pac'd numbers, Some freefooted prose,  
Some weighty thing, which th' Author strongly blowes  
From his large-winded lungs. For he rehearſes  
Vnto the people straight his wel-pen'd verſes  
His haire being firſt kemb'd ſmooth, and then he dight,  
In a faire comely garment freſh and white,  
Wearing ſome precious jewell, which ſome friend  
On's birth-day to him for a gift did ſend,  
With moyſt'ning ſyrrope having clear'd his throat  
Apt now to ſound it in a various note.  
Then is he reading in a ſeat on high,  
Diſſolv'd unto a luſtfull *Aſſing* eye.

Where thou maiſt ſee ev'n thoſe that beare the name  
Of Rome's brave *Titi* (but unto their ſhame)  
To ſhake with trembling luſt, and to rejoyce  
Obſcenely, with a broken ſkreaking voice  
When a lewd line their inward loynes doth pierce,  
And touch them with a luſt-provoking verſe.

But thou old Dotard, doſt Thou ſtrive to feed  
Other men's eares? nay, Theirs who without heed  
Or moderate diſcretion praiſe thee ſo,  
That (skinne-peel'd *Aſſe*!) thy ſelfe doſt firſt cry, Hoe?  
d Why did I learne unleſſe this leaven here  
Inbred, this ſtrong wild-figtree *ſhould appear*?  
And from its ſeat the liver breaking forth  
Shew to the world its own, though unknowne worth?  
*P.* O ſee ambitious paleneſſe! ſee Old Age!  
At ſuch corrupted times Who could not rage?

d Here the Poet ſaineth a reply of this old ambitious Poet de-  
ſending himſelfe.

Think'st thou, thou nothing know'st, if it be so,  
 That others knowe not, that thou this dost knowe?  
 O but tis brave to heare men cry, See, see?  
 And pointing with their fingers, say, That's she.  
 Say you' had a Poeme which so smoothly runs,  
 That 'twere for lectures read to great mens sons,  
 Brave lads with curled locks, like gold so ye'low;  
 Would not you thinke your selfe a pretty fellow?

P. O that's not all! See, our *Romulidans*  
 Prophane our sacred poems with foule hands!  
 Reading, amidst their bowels, 'poems divine,  
 Being full up to the throat with flesh and wine.  
 Where if forsooth one clad in purple cloth's,  
 Snaffle some mustie stufte through's muffling nose  
 Melting forth faire *Hypsipyle's* sad song  
 Or *Phidias* fortune with a most'ned tong  
 Or some such tales which poetrie affordes  
 His daintie palate tripping forth his words,  
 The men assent! And are not th' ashes then  
 Of this rare poet blest? This man of men  
 Hath he not now a flighter mole of earth  
 Gently pressing his bones? A gen'ral mirth  
 Ensues. the guests with hands and voyces wring  
 His due applause; And shall there not now spring,  
 Bu'n from his *Manes*, from the hollow wombe  
 Of his thrice-happy urne-inclosing tombe  
 Sweet Violets? But, Oh, saies one, you touch

e A second reply. { The Ancient Ethniques did use to pray  
 that the tombe stones of their dead friends might be light un-  
 to them; because they beleev'd, that their *Manes* or soules re-  
 main'd in their sepulchers; and were sensible of such acci-  
 dents. They held likewise the springing of flowers from the  
 grave of a deceased friend, an argument of his happinesse.

Too scoffingly, wrinkling your nose Too much:  
For doth there breath a man that can reject  
A generall praise? and his owne lines neglect?  
Lines worth immortal Cedars recompence,  
Nere fearing new-fold Fifth or Frankincense?

Well, whosoe're thou art whom I did make  
But now, the Adverse part to undertake;  
When J my selfe doe write, if from my braine  
Doe flow by greatest chance some happy straine  
(For tis by chance) My heart is not so hard  
So hornie, as to feare the due reward  
Of deseru'd fame. Only J doe denie  
The scope of vertuous actions to lie  
In thy O brave! O fine! for search but this  
Thy O fine! and within it What not is?  
No; in These papers know thou shalt not finde  
Labe'os helleborated lines confinde  
To superstitiously to Words: nor weake  
Love-elegies, such as Rome's Nobles speaks  
Whose judgement, like their overcharged maw,  
Wants strong concoctions heat, and is yet raw,  
Briefly whatse're on g Citrean beds is writ,  
We hence exclude as th'excrement of wit.

Thou dost some dish of good hot meat provide  
For some poore wretch (whose belli's his tongs guide)  
Or to thy quaking follo'r thou dost cast  
Thy thread-bare cloake (which could no longer last)  
Then thus thou speak'st. You know eu'n from my youth  
J hated lies, now therefore tell me true

*g The Romans had their lecti lucubrationi on which they studied, and trichinares, on which they ate: the latter are rather understood in this place, for he principally speaketh against the verses they write amongst their cups.*

Of me (P. Can He tell t uth? Wilt let me speake?  
 Thou triflett (bald=pare affe!) and thy skill's weake,  
 Seeing a fat-hog trough-panch before thee struts  
 Full eigh.eene inches with a load of guts.  
 Oblesst *Fanus*! happy is thy luck!  
 Behinde *h* thy bac.e, whom never *Storkes* bill strucke  
 At whom no nimble finger'd hand being fram'd  
 Like asses white eares, ever yet was aim'd:  
 Nor so much tongue thrust forth in a base flour  
 As an *Apulian* bitch for thirst lils out,  
 You *O Patrician* blood whose heads are blinde  
 I'th' hinder part, prevent a scorne behinde,  
 What doe men say? i That now your verses flow,  
 In a soft number'd pace both sweet and slow,  
 Whose well-smooth'd parts are so exactly joyn'd  
 That the severest naile can never finde  
 The least unev'nesse. O saies one, he makes  
 A verse, as he that his true levell takes,  
 Shutting one eye, for to direct his line,  
 Which drawing, with red-oaker he doth signe.  
 Whether he scourge with his deep-wounding rimes  
 The delicate soft manners of the times,  
 Or th' impious banquets of revenging Kings:  
 Our Poets *Muse* can well expresse great things.  
 P. J, You shall see a fellow dare assay

*h* Three manner of floutes were used by the Ancients. The first was with their hand to make a *Storkes* bill, their fingers being all collected together, and then let out with a flurt. The second was to put their thumbes to the temples of their beads, and then wagge their fingers like asses eares, which within are somewhat white. The third was to lill out their tongues, like dogges in the heat of Summer, especially in hot countries such as is *Apulia* a region in Italy. i The answer of the stat-crer.

To write Heroicke acts, who th' other day  
 But riddle'd out some Fables of small worth  
 In scarce true *Greeke*: whose skill cannot paint forth  
 A pleasant selfe-describing *Groue's* delights;  
 Nor praise the full stor'd Country that eu'n writes  
 The story of its owne abundant stores;  
 Where fruits and fire-wood and the fat'n'd Boare  
 Are neuer wanting, where the shepheards feast  
 Sacred to *Pales*, & excell the beast  
 That hates the lambe: where the shepheards on that day  
 Are purged in a fire of smoaking hay,  
 Whence *Remus* sprung where (*k Quintius*) thou wast borne,  
 And where thy plow-thare was in furrowes worne;  
 When as thy wife trembling with joy and feare,  
 Made thee the great *Dictators* robes to weare  
 Before thine Oxen, and to leave them now,  
 Making the *Litor* carry home thy plow.  
 Behold then this brave Poet !

Some there are

To whom *l Brisean Labeo's* book seemes rare;  
 Whose lines swell like full Veines. Others desire  
*Pacuvius*, whom much they doe admire,  
 And love often to read, and eu'n to stay  
 Upon this knottie harsh *Antiopa*;  
 Whose wofull heart was nourished with greefe,  
 The Depth of sorrow yeelding some releefe,  
 When thou shalt see the bleare-eyd father reach  
 His sonne those things; canst thou not quickly reach  
 To know the cause how this our vile disgrace,  
 This hissing frying-pan of speech tooke place

*k Q. Cincinnatus. l Fucius Accius Labeo. Briseus*, is the  
 surname of *Bacchus*, fitly here attributed to *Labeo*, because  
 of his mad Vertes,

First

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 gers  
 The  
 ads,  
 thin  
 ues,  
 riet  
 flat-  
 To

First, in our tongues? And yet wherein our smooth  
*m Trossulians* vainely themselves doe sooth,  
 And ev'n leap in their fears, when as they heare  
 Old words, which please their th'ck false-judging eare.  
 When th'art accus'd art not a sham'd to be  
 Not able thy now-Aged head to free  
 From feare o'th'law, but love the luke-warme cry  
 Of all thy hearers crying, *Decently?*  
*pedius* saies one, unto thy charge I lay  
 The guilt of thefe. What now doth *pedius* say?  
 In smooth *Antitheta's* his fault he weighes,  
 And for his learned Figures, winnes much praise,  
 O neat! O neat? In judging thou dost sayle,  
 Base fawning *Romane*, dost thou wag thy taile?  
 For think'st thou, if some ship-wrac'd wretch should sing,  
 He e're from me one Halfe-penny should wring?  
 Dost Sing, when at thy shoulder thou dost weare  
 Thy selfe and shippe, which the sharp rocks did teare?  
 His teares shall be express'd through's Miserie,  
 Not Studi'd for by Night, that would move Mee  
 Topitie. M. Yet in Numbers, O, there shines  
 Beauteous composure added to those lines  
 Which were before but raw. P. I, so it seemes,  
 For one, this as the only skill esteemes  
 To end his verse (But, O ridiculous!)  
 With *Berecinthian Atys*; or else, thus,  
*The Dolphin which did cut Cerulean Nereus.*  
 Ex'lent! and this our *Romans* count most serious?  
 So thus another drawes his numbered line,  
*We drew a ribbe from the long Appenine.*

*m The Knights of Rome were anciently so called, because they  
 surpris'd a town in Hetruria called Trossulum, without the  
 helpe of the footmen.*

# SATYRE. I.

*M. n Armes, and the man I sing, perchance you'l dare  
To terme this frothy, fat-back'd P. O no, spare  
Your too-quick censure, and dissolve your brow.  
This Poem as an aged well-growne bough  
Season'd with time is with the warme Sunnes heat  
Well boyld in its own barke; growne strong and great.*

*M. What then doe you terme soft, and to be read  
With a loose bending neck, and bow'd downe head?*

*P. Their with'd hornes the Mimalones did fill  
With sounds, and Basaris about to kill  
The scornefull calfe, snatching from him his head,  
And Mænas as the spotted Lynx she lead  
With Ivy-bridles, oft did Euton sound  
The reparable Eccho did rebound.*

*These, these are brave! But Oh, should such lines be,  
If any veine of old Nobilitie*

*Did live in us? These weake lines in the Brimme  
Of ev'ry mouth, in th' utmost spittle swimme,*

*Mænas and Atys or some foolish songs  
Are alwaies in the moisture of their tongues.*

*They never buffeted a Deske for these,  
Or bit their Nails: such lines are writ with ease,*

*M. Grant this be true: yet Sir You have no need  
With biting truth to make their soft eares bleed.*

*Well, look you to't, I feare; be not too bold,  
Lest great mens thresholds towards you grow cold,*

*Me thinks, th'are touched already, and I heare  
The doggish letter R sound in mine eare,*

*P. Nay, Sir, rather then so, all's white and free:  
All, all is admirable well for mee.*

*I will not hinder't. Now y'are pleas'd I think,  
You'l say, Let no man make my verses stinke,*

*n Virgils Æneids, which beginne so, Arma virumq;cano.*

Maki

Making a place for urine, in a scorne,  
 Among my papers. P. See then you adorne  
 Your booke, and paint too p Serpents on't; Boyes, None,  
 Must urine in this Sacred place: be gone;  
 And Ile goe first.

Yet did *Lucius* eue  
 Lewd *Rome*, and thee, O *Lupius*, that didst glut  
 Thy appetite, and thee (*Mutius*) growne weake  
 With lust, and did on you his Jaw-tooth breake,  
 So subtile *Horace* laughing wyth his friend  
 Would cunningly h's vices reprehend,  
 And lying in his bosome, in his heart,  
 Would biterly deride him with great art,  
 Skilfull he was basely t'esteeme the rout,  
 Yet neere wrinkled his nose, or seem'd to flout:  
 And may not J then *Matter?* not to th' q Dust?  
 Not though alone? No where? J will, J must  
 Digge here, eu'n here, (My booke) J speake to Thee,  
 J'ue seene, J say, J'ue seene, (my tong's borne free)  
*Who has not Asses eares?* Thou shalt not buy  
 This my obscure concealed mysterie,  
 This my deare scoffe, my *Nothing*, for whole miliads  
 Of any base Poets long-winded *Iliads*.  
 Thou whoso'ere thou art, that art inspir'd  
 With bold *Cratinus*, or wyth zeale art fir'd  
 Like angry *Eupolis*, and art growne pale  
 With that old man, whose stile with a full saile  
 Beares strong against foule vice, vouchsafe a glance

o This place is thus against the common interpretation more  
 manerly and truly expounded by M. Bond. p These repre-  
 sented the Genius of the place, & were painted there to deterre  
 any from violating the place by any pollution. q An allusion  
 to the fable of Midas.



On these my Salyres also, where by chance  
 If any thing more perfect thou shalt heare;  
 Among my lines, grow hot with a purg'd eare,  
 But him with deepest scorne J doe detest  
 That basely loves to breake a jest  
 At a Philosophers poore Shooe, and winks  
 At him, whose sight is bad, calling him, Blinks.  
 Counting himselfe no meane man, bearing some  
 Italian honour at *Aretium*,  
 Cause, being Market-Clarke (such was his pleasure)  
 He brake their earthen vessels lesse then measure,  
 Nor love I him that counts the counting-table  
 Of deepe *Arithmeticians* but a fable.  
 Nor him that scoffes at Figures made in dust  
 By sound *Geometry*. Such are unjust,  
 And Enemies to th' Arts. They much delight  
 To see the bold-fac'd queane *Norania* fight  
 With a good honest *Cynicke*, and will grinne  
 If that she pull his beard off from his chinne.  
 These, in the morning next their hearts J le send  
 To study the Edicts lest they offend,  
 Yet after dinner (for they'le turne no more  
 From vice) unto *Callisthee* their Whore.

r *Aristophanes*. r An allusion to the story of *Archimedes*, see  
*Plutarchs Marcellus*.

THE

# THE SECOND SATYRE,

VNTO HIS FRIEND

PLOTIUS MACRINUS.

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## ARGUMENT.

*Profane desires: true sacrifice:  
Bold sinnes: our Poet here describes.*

**S**igne This day (*Macrine*) with a purer stone,  
Which doth present to thee times long since gone.  
Powre wine into thy *Genius*, for thy care  
Js not to winne *Love* with a Bribing prayer.  
Nor crav'st thou, what thou shun'st to name for feare.  
Excepts *Love*'s drawne aside that none may heare.  
Though no small part of *Rome*'s chiefe *Nobles* can  
Sacrifice with a Low-voic'd incense-pan.  
Tis not an easie thing to take away  
The murmur'd whispering of those that pray  
From the Gods Temples. Tis no easie thing  
To live, with knowne desires, a They use to sing

*a This was but the manner of some hypocrites, for it was the custome of the Romanes to pray softly to themselves, as Jos. Scaliger well observes in his Castigations on the 2. lib. of Tibullus. p. 137. and Woverius in his Animadversions on Petronius p. 428.*

Alowd

Alowd, that strangers and the standers-by  
 May heare'hem, when they pray for honesty  
 Or a good minde, good tame. But for the rest  
 Of their desires, inwardly th'are suppress't  
 Under their murmuring tongues, such as are these  
 Profane requests, O that some strong disease  
 Would make my Uncl's brave rich funerall  
 To bubble up. O that my rake would fall,  
 As I were working, on some sounding pot  
 Of silver, *b Hercules* blessing my lot.  
 Or would I might expunge this yong rich Ward,  
 By whom from great possessions I am bar'd<sup>3</sup>  
 Being the next heire, for he's with scabs perplex't,  
 And is with swelling choller sharply vex't.  
 There's *Nereus* too, has bur'd yee three wives,  
 And I scarce--! O such men lead happy lives!

That these things thou religiously maist crave  
 Of *love*, in swelling *Tybers* silver wave  
 Early thou washest twice or thrice thy head,  
 Purging the *c* night pollutions of thy bed.

Dost heare? answer me this, and but disclose  
 Thy thought in one small question I propose.  
 What thinkst of *love*? thinkst he may be prefer'd  
 'Fore some? Whom? be't ev'n *d Staius*, art afraid?  
 And doubtst thou whether is the fittest Guard  
 And juster judge for a yong guidlesse Ward?  
 This then, wherewith thou dar'st to prest *love's* care,  
 Tell but to *Staius*, would he not ev'n feare

*b* Antiquitie made *Hercules* the propitious God for the find-  
 ing out of hidden Treasure. *c* Of this, see *Casaubon* on  
*Theophrastus*, p. 292, where he shewes their twofold manner  
 of expiation. And *Brissotius* at large lib. 1. de Formulis, p. 8.  
*d* A wicked fellow, that poysoned his brother & brothers wife.

To heare thee speake? and casting up his eye  
 Crie, O good *Iove*! and shall not *Iove* then crie  
 Unto himselfe for vengeance? What? dost think  
 Thou art forgiv'n, because he's pleas'd to Wink  
 At thy black deeds, and sooner strikes a Tree,  
 With horrid Sulphure, then Thy house and Thee,  
 When with his roaring thunders he doth chide  
 The proud high-mounting aires? Dar'st thou deride  
 The pow'r of Heav'n, and play with *Ioves* fond Beard,  
 As if th'hadst leave, because thou ne're wast fear'd  
 With some strange judgement? or ne're yet did'st lie  
 A wofull spectacle to each mans eye,  
 Unholy, to be shunn'd in some sad grove,  
 Then ceasing to be sacred unto *Iove*,  
 Or th'other Gods, untill with sacrifice  
 Th'Aruspex great *Ergenna* purifies  
 The same, by offering th'entrails of two sheep?  
 Or else, what ist? with what reward dost keepe  
 The bribed eares of the corrupted Gods  
 That they should only give indulgent nods  
 At thy vast crimes? ist thy fair offering  
 Which their sacred altars thou dost bring?

Now you shall see some grandames, or fond Aunts,  
 Whom womens Fury Superstition haunts,  
 Take up a tender infant in their armes,  
 And being skilfull to depell the harmes  
 Of an e effascinating eye, they'le spit  
 Upon their middle finger, and then wet  
 With this their purging spittle the child's brow  
 And prettie lips. Then with a humble vow  
 Dancieing him in their armes, they'lk vainely spend

*Of Fascination, see Del. Rio. Mag. di sauis. 3. q. 4. Sect. 1. &  
 Romirez, in his learned Pentecontarchus, chap. 31. at large.*

Their

Their poore leane hope, in praying *Ioue* to send  
 This babe in time to some such happinesse  
 As once wealthy *Licinius* did possesse  
 In fruitfull lands; or such as *Crassus* held,  
 Who for brave houses, *Rome* chiefe Lords excelle'd  
 They wish that Kings and Queens may be at strife  
 To make ev'n their best daughter His blest wife.  
 And as for Maides (say they) Yee Gods above!  
 O let 'hem strongly, strangely fall in love  
 With his rare beaurie: and that whereso're  
 He treads, a crimson rose may spring up there.

Brave! brave! But yet I will not bid my nurse  
 Pray so: or if shee does, then good *Ioue* curse  
 Her Prayers; though cloth'd *White* she strongly cry,  
 Yet for thine *Owne* sake, strongly still deny.

Thou wishest for firme nerves, and for a sure  
 Sound body, that would healthfully endure  
 Untill old age; why be it, that thy wish  
 Is granted by the Gods; yet thy large dish  
 And full fat *savage* make the Gods delay  
 To blesse thee, and doe force good *Jove* to stay.

Thou'd'st faine grow rich; yet dost thou sacrifice  
 An Oxe, (is that the way in wealth to rise?)

Then upon *Mercurie* the God of gaine  
 With this thy offering, thus thou cri'st amaine,

Let my domestike Gods (great *Mercury*)

Make all things happy in my familie!

Blesse thou my herds of beasts, blesse thou my lambs,

And make my tender *Tewes* the happy damms

Of many young ones. Mad-man! wilt thou see?

This is impossible! it cannot be?

When as so many *Heifers* fars doe frie

In flames of sacrifice, *Mercur* he crie,

And with his *Entrails* and his daintie *Cake*

Strives to o'recome, and formerly will make  
 The Gods to heare; nor yet will hold his peace.  
*Now doth my field, now doth my fold increase:*  
*Now 'twill be giu'n: now, now, untill at last*  
 Deceav'd, his great hope proving but a blast:  
 His money in his chest may make its mone  
 For want of company; yet sigh alone.

If for a gift to Thee some friend presents  
 A silver goblet, or rich ornaments  
 Curiously graven in a massie bowle  
 Of purest gold: straight way thy very soule  
 Is touch'd with a strong passion: and thou shak'st  
 Ev'n Drops from thy left brest (Vaine heart that quak'st  
 Thus with a trembling joy!) Now because gold  
 Thus pleaseth Thee, hence 'tis that thou dost hold,  
 The Gods are pleas'd so too, and overlai't  
 Their statues faces (that thereby thou maist  
 Procure their favour) with gold purchased  
 From th'enemie, which was in triumph led.  
 For those f' brasie-brother-Gods that send a dreame  
 Most true, and purg'd from thick, corrupted sleame,  
 Whereby in sleep men are disturb'd, or feard,  
 Let those be chiefe, and weare a golden beard.  
 Gold hath the pots of earth, and brasie disdain'd,  
 Though us'd when *Numa*, and good *Saturne* raign'd  
 Gold likewise hath expeld the *Vesall* Urne:  
 Gold doth the *Thuscan* Earth to Gold now turne.

Base stooping soules, that groovle on the earth,  
 In whom there's nothing testifies their birth

f *The brasen Statues of the sonnes of Ægyptus, all, except  
 one, slaine by their new wives the daughters of Danaus  
 Which brothers the Romans adored as Gods, and were vaine  
 typerswaded that they sent dreames unto men.*

To be from Heav'n !

Yer, doth not this suffice ?

But we must bring these our iniquities,  
To the Gods Temples, where their pow'rs divine  
Doe dwell, and ev'n profane their holy Shrine ?  
As if there could be any thing in these  
Infected Carcases, the Gods to please ?

This flesh of ours makes us in vaine to spoile  
*Sweet Cassia*, by mixing it with oile  
To make us oynments. This doth make us straine  
The soft *Calabrian* fleece in purple graine,  
This makes us with much art to polish well  
*Mother of Pearle*, drawne from the fishes shell.  
This from th' unpurged earth made us desire  
To straine out veines of gold by purging fire.  
This sin, and sinnes, yet perseveres in sinne.  
But you great Priests, tell, what doth gold within  
The holy Temple ? sure, no greater thing  
Then g<sup>o</sup> puppets, which to *Venus* Virgins bring.

No, let us strive to bring to th' Gods, that which  
*Messala's* bleare-eyed of-spring, from his rich  
Large incense-bason neere could give, a mind  
By Law and by Religion well confin'd,  
A retir'd soule, a heart not stained by  
Foule lust, concoct in Noble honestie.

This let me bring to th' Gods, and Ile obaine  
Offering but a Small Cake of some Course graine,

g It was a custome among the Ancients, for Virgins about to  
marry to offer their Babies as an ensigne of iheir Virginities  
to Venus, hoping that by her benefit, shortly after, they should  
have true Babies of their owne.

# THE THIRD

## SATYRE.

### ARGUMENT.

*Young Gallants Sloth, & their Neglect  
Of Arts, this Satyre doth detect.*

**W**Hat Ev'ry day thus long? Fie, fie arise:  
See how the cleere light shamefully descries  
Thy sloth: and through thy windowes shining bright  
Stretcheth the narrow chinks with his broad light,  
We snort till the *a* first shadow touch the line,  
Enough ev'n to digest strong *Falerne* wine,  
Now what dost doe? The furious dog-stars heat  
Upon the parched corne hath long since beat  
With its herce scolding influence, and made  
The beasts to seeke the spreading *Elmes* coole shade,  
Thus the companion of some thotfull youth  
Does freely chide him. Then saith he, in truth -  
And ist so late? indeed? some body then  
Come presently and reach my clothes: why then?

*a An hypall, for, till the shadow touch the first line; which  
about our eleven of the clocke. He understands this of the Sun  
Dials. You may see the forme of an ancient Roman Sun  
Diall in Ramirez his Pentecont. cap. 23.*



If then no body comes Oh how he swells,  
And breaks with *b* glasse-like choller; and then yells  
With such a foule loud noise, that you would say  
Surely some great *Arcadian* asse did bray.

At last, with much adoe he doth begin  
To take his booke in hand and some faire skin  
Of smooth & two-colour'd parchment he takes then  
Some paper and his knottie reed-like pen.  
Then he complains how that his inke doth stick  
In clots at his pens nose, it is so thick.

Powre water then to his black *d* *Sepian* juice,  
He cries, now tis too white. Ha's a device  
For ev'ry thing. So sometimes he doth plead  
His pen writes double, or his inke doth spread.

Wretched, unhappy man! yet growing still  
More wretched! Think'st we are borne to take our fill  
Of sloth? Why dost not then like the soft Dove  
Or great mens little children, rather love  
In delicatest wantonnesse to lappe  
Some soft sweet spoone-meat, as a little pappe?  
Or angry with the teat, why dost not cry,  
Refusing to be stild with *Lullabie*?

*e* Why, can I study, sir, with such a quill?  
Alas? whom dost thou mock? why pladdst thou still  
Such vaine ambages? wretched man to flout  
Thy selfe! Th'art broken! loe, thou leakest out!  
And know thou shalt be scornd! strike but a pot

*b* Because it is as sooner rised as glasse is, by those that make  
it. *c* Yellow on the side the haire grew, and white on the o-  
ther side. *d* *Sepia* is a sea-fish called a Cuttill, whose blood  
the Romans use instead of inke. *e* This verse is an inter-  
jected reply of the shrewd youth: the next is spoken in the  
person of his companion which reprehendeth him.

Of some raw earth halfe-boyl'd, and will it not  
 Tell its own fault, yeelding a dull craz'd sound?  
 Well; Yet thou art soft moist clay, and maist be wound  
 To any forme: Now therefore, now make haste  
 To vertue: present time must be embrac'd.  
 Now like the Potters clay, now thou must feele  
 Sharp disciplines effigiating wheele.  
 f But, oh, thy father left thee land enough,  
 And a cleane salt-seller, with household stuffe  
 Sufficient. needst thou then feare any thing?  
 Soth' hast a secure pan wherein to bring  
 Incense to thy protecting Lares. Well;  
 But think'st thou this enough? wilt therefore swell,  
 And break thy lungs with an ambitious winde,  
 Because that thou the thousandth off, dost finde  
 Thy branch to be perchance drawne from a tree  
 Of some high *Thuscan* true nobilitie?  
 Or that because clad in thy purple graine  
 Meeting *Romes Censor* with his pompous traine  
 Thou canst salute him, by the name of *Curze*,  
 And arrogantly aske him how he does?  
 Away: goe praise before the multitude  
 In these thy trappings: seeke not to delude  
 My judgement; for I know my soule within,  
 And see thy faults writ in thy outmost skin,  
 Art not ashamed to live like dissolute  
 Loose *Natta*? but (alas!) he's destitute  
 Of sense! he stands amaz'd in vice! the deepe  
 Fat bawne of sin makes his heart soundly sleep  
 That now he doth not siane! No, he's so grosse,  
 So stupid, that hee's senselesse of his losse!  
 And sunk downe to the depth of vice, he'll swim

His companions ironick defence of the others carelesnes.

No more againe up to the waters brim !

Great father of the Gods ! when cruell lust  
Touch't with inflaming venome, moves th' unjust  
Corrupted disposition of fierce Kings,  
To act unworthy and unkingly things:  
Punish them only thus ; *Le them but see*  
*Faire vertue, and their lost felicitie,*

*Then shall their bowels yearne, and they shall crie*  
*In secret, and wax pale, and pine and die.*

Did ever the *Sicilian* brazen bull

Roare out his torments with a throat more full ?

Or did the sword hung by a slender thread

Up in the golden roose over the head

Of the *g* crown'd flatterer, more terrifieg *Damocles*

His soule, then when a man shall truly cry

Unto himselfe, *I fall, Ob, I doe fall*

*Downe head-long*, and shall know he's past recall?

And inwardly grow pale (*O wretched life !*)

Which he's afeard to tell his neere deare wife ?

Indeed, when I was young, *I* like a foole

Would' noint my eyes with oyle to stay from schoole:

When I'de not learne, through sloth, the stately part

Of dying *Cato*, though't were penn'd with art.

And my too carefull Master prais'd it much:

And my glad father being mov'd with such

His praises, brought his friends to heare his boy

Bravely act *Cato*, and would sweat for joy.

For then I car'd nor to know any thing;

Except how much the lucky *Sice* would bring;

Or what the losing *Ace* would scrape away

Or that my fellow might not put false play

Upon me, nearly cogging forth a die

Out of the small neck'd *b* casting-box. This I  
Did learne; and for the scourge-itick I did strive,  
That none his Top with greater art might drive.

But now, Thou art not at this age to learne  
Betweene good and bad manners to discerne,  
No; thou hast learn'd the precepts that are taught  
In the wise porch, where curiously are wrought  
By *Polygnotus* skill, the conquer'd *Medes*  
In their short stops, whose story overspreads  
The Walls, and where in searching hidden truths  
The little sleeping close-shorne stoick Youths,  
That feed on huskes and a course barley cake,  
Early and late industriously doe wake.  
And unto thee the *i* Samian letter Y  
Whose spreading branches teach Philosophy,  
Hath marked out ev'n as it were with chalke  
The high rear'd right-hand path, wherein to walke?  
And snort'st thou Yet? What? is thy head growne slack?  
Art jaw false? Doth their frame beginne to crack?  
Ly'st yowning, to evaporate th'excelsse  
Of yesterdaies oppressing drunckennesse?  
Hast thou propos'd thy selfe a certaine end,  
And with thy best endeavour dost thou bend  
Thy bow at that? Or, carelesse of thy hurt,  
Dost throw at crows, with stones and clots of durt  
Neglecting where thou runst? hast thou no drift,  
But only for the present how to shift?

Well, yet be provident, when our sick skin

*h* They used to cast their dice out of boxes. (as now adaint  
some doe out of small saucers) to prevent the sleight of the  
band, which notwithstanding some more cunning gamesters  
did often practise. *i* The letter of Pythagoras, who by birth  
was a Samian.

Doth with the puffing dropſie once begin  
To ſwell, tis then, thou know'ſt, but vaine to cry  
For *Hellebore*, when a diſeaſe drawes nigh,  
And yerbut threatens thee, then, then prevent  
And meet a danger that is eminent.  
But if thou doe delay, til't be too late  
And that thy ſickneſſe once grow desperate,  
Then wou'd'ſt thou give *Craterus* halfe thy wealth  
Yet can he not reſtore thee to thy health.  
Learne then, O wretched youths, the myſtery  
Of Nature in profound Philoſophy.  
Learne who we are, why we were borne, th' eſtate  
Wherein we're ſet, and know that not by fate  
But wiſdome, we may turne our ſhip with eaſe  
About high-vertues marke plac'd in the ſeas  
Of this our life. Temperately deſire  
Silver: learne what 'tis lawfull to require  
In prayer: and the perfect uſe, a right  
Of money: for which, men ſo ſharply fight:  
What likewise to thy Country thou doſt owe,  
And what to thy deare kiſmen; Learne to knowe  
*Whom I God hath made thee, and in what degree  
And ſtate of life, he bere hath placed thee.*

Learne: neither enviethou at thy full ſtore  
Of the greas'd Lawyer, though he have much more  
Proviſion, then his family can ſpend  
Whil'ſt it is ſweet: which the fat *Vmbrians* ſend,  
As gifts to bribe his tongue. Nor grutch to ſee  
His *Maſſian* Client bring him for a fee,

I *Me thinks theſe lines of mine Author, and eſpecially this  
word Deus, ſeemes to be of that high ſtraine of Divinity (in  
a Heathen) which Plato reach'd unto, when he did profeſſe  
that he writ but in jeſt, when he ſaid Gods.*

Pepper, gammons of bacon, or such kinde  
Remembrances, Nor let it vex thy minde,  
Because he hath fresh Pilchers to him sent,  
Before the former barrell be quite spent.

But here, me thinks, I heare some boistrous rough  
Centurion say; Tush, I have wit enough  
To serve mine owne turne; and Ile never care  
To be *Arcefilas*, or to impair

My health, like *Solon*: who doe leane awry  
Their heads, pearcing the earth with a fixt eye:  
When by themselves they gnaw their murmuring  
And furious silence, as 'twere, ballancing  
Each word upon their out-stretcht lips: and when  
They meditate the dreames of old sick men,  
As, *Out of nothing, nothing can be brought:*

*And that which is, can ne're be brought to nought.*

Is it for this they're pale? and that they misse

Their dinner oftentimes, is it for this?

Why yet they are but scorn'd ev'n by the rout;

The people, and our lusty Lads but flout

Them, and with crisped noses a loose off,

Strongly ingeminate a trembling scoff.

*m* Yet scorne not learning: lest thy falling Rate  
Prove such, as this which here J will relate:

One said to his Physitian, pray Sir see:

Me thinks J am not as I use to be.

My heart doth quake as if it boaded death,

And my sick jawes send forth a loathsome breath,

Pray good Sir feele my pulse: and play your part.

Well, the Physitian us'd his chiefeest art,

And bid him rest foure daies. But when each veine

*m* Persius his answer to the objection, which hee makes the  
Centurion here use.

Began

Began composedly to flow againe,  
 On the third night, he bid his servant take  
 A little thirsting flaggon, and straight make;  
 All speed, to the great house of such a friend,  
 And tell him, he desir'd him for to send  
 Some of his milde *Surrentine* wine, and so  
 Having drank that, unto the Baths he'd go.  
 When being there, thither did come by chance  
 His own Physitian, who straight cast a glance  
 On this his patient, and to him said,  
 Why You are pale, and are you not afraid?  
 Tush man, saith he, that's nothing. Yet beware,  
 Said his Physitian, and pray have a care,  
 What ere this nothing is. For I doe see,  
 Your yellow sickly skin swels secretly.  
 Well, prethee now, said he, doe not thou raile  
 At me: for thou thy selfe dost looke more pale.  
 And worse, be not a Tutor unto me,  
 One I have had, and buri'd; now for thee,  
 Thou yet remainst. On then, and doe not cease,  
 Said his Physitian, and Ile hold my peace.

This gallant then swelling with daintie cheere,  
 Bathes his pale belly, and without all feare:  
 His throat halfe stop't with grosse corrupted steame,  
 Leasurely breathing a sulphureous steame  
 But midst his wines a suddaine trembling seiz'd  
 Upon each joynt of him, that his diseas'd  
 Weake hand could not his luke-warme bowle retaine:  
 And his uncover'd teeth ev'n gnash againe,  
 And then through his loose lips, his fine oild meane  
 He vomits, which he greedily had eat;  
 Then were prepared for his funerall

n A small flaggon.

The

The o Trumpet, and the Lights, and last of all,  
 This seeming-happy man that would not doubt,  
 His health, being composedly laid out  
 On his high bed, his hiere; and now daub'd o're  
 And ev'n beduried with th' abundant store  
 Of ointments; stretcheth tow'rd the Ciuie-gate  
 His cold dead heeles; and those whose best estate  
 But yesterday, was but to be his slave,

p Now weare their caps, and beare him to his grave.

q What? then belike y' apply this same to me?  
 But (wretched foole!) th'art out. For know, J'me free;  
 Touch but my veines, feele how my heart doth beat.  
 There's but a wonted moderated heart.

Or feele the bottomes of my feet, or hold  
 My hands, thou shalt perceiue they are not cold.

r Tis true. But know, seduced man, there stick  
 Diseases in thy soule, tis that is sick  
 For if thou see by chance much gold, or spie  
 Thy neighbours smooth-cheek'd wench to cast an eye  
 Upon thee, smiling with a wanton glance  
 Speake true, doth then thy heart orderly daunce?  
 There's set before thee on thy boord, to eat,  
 In a cold dish hard hearbs, somewhat rough meat;  
 And course bread sifted in the peoples scarce;  
 Lets try your chaps. O are yee now averse?  
 In thy soft mouth there's hid a putrid soare,  
 Which touch'd with Common hearbs, would make thee roare

o At the Funeralls of great Men, they use Trumpets, as  
 Pipes at the burials of the meaner sort. p It was the cu-  
 stome of the Romans before their deaths to manumitte their  
 servants, which was by shauing their heads, and putting a  
 capon. q The scornfull reply of the Centurion.

r The answer of Persius.



So thy heart's cold, when pale feare doth affright  
Thy haire like eares of corne standing upright.  
Again, fierce anger makes thy blood grow hot;  
Ev'n as a fire-brand doth a seething pot;  
And then thy flaming eyes sparkling forth fire,  
Thou say'st and dost so in thy furious ire;  
That mad *Orestes* dares sweare, such a fact  
None but a man starke mad, ere durst to act.

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THE

# THE FOVRTH SATYRE,

*Spring  
in*

## ARGUMENT.

*Yong Rulers: The complaint of Lust  
On Avarice, unfit though just.*

**A**RT thou a common-wealths chiefe Governour?  
(Suppose the bearded grave a Philosopher, a Socr,  
Whom the cold draught of hemlock forc'd to die,  
Thus to demand) on what dost thou relie?  
What are thy grounds? speake *Alcibiades*,  
Pupill unto the famous *pericles*,  
Oh, wit and grave discretion, J have heard  
Indeed, doe many times prevent a beard!  
And so thou knowst no doubt, though th' art but yong.  
Both when to speak and when to hold thy tongue.  
When therefore the vext multitude grow hot  
With choler, and their duty have forgot,  
Thou dost but lift up thy majestick hand,  
And straight a generall silence dost command  
Ore the tumultuous rout. Then what dost say?

b O yee *Quirritians* (if prevaile I may)  
 I think this is not just that's done by you,  
 Nor this, 'twere better if you thus did doe.  
 For thou canst weigh truth in the double scale  
 Of the most doubtfull ballance. If it faile,  
 Straight waies thou know'st it, yea, though hid it lie  
 Between a double crooked falsitie:  
 Or if a rule (so perfect is thy sight)  
 Measure not ev'ry thing exactly right.  
 And the black c Thera signe of deadly shame  
 Thou canst prefixe'fore an offenders name.

Thou canst doe this. Oh, 'twere a crime to doubt:  
 Come, come. Thou being faire only without  
 And in the skin in vaine, leave off to shake  
 Thy taile, before the flattering rout, or make  
 Suit for great offices, till age and cares  
 Have made thee fit to manage such affaires.  
 Thou being fitter yet to drinke good store  
 Of pure unmixt braine-purgings *Hellebore*.

Wherein consists thy last, thy greatest wish?  
 d In having ev'ry day a full fat dish,  
 Then with sweet oile to noint thy skin, and lie  
 In the Sunnes pleasant warmth till it be drie.

Why hadst thou with the selfe same question tri'd  
 This poore old woman; she had so repli'd,  
 Goe now and boatt how thy Nobilitie  
 Comes from th' illustrious *Dinomache*.

b These three lines are spoken in the person of this young Governor. c The Judges being about to give sentence of death against a man, were wont to write his name in a table, and prefix before it, the letter θ, as being the first of *θάνατος*, signifying he was to be delivered over to death. d The answer of this vaine fellow, and the reply of *Perfius*.

Puffe out thy vaunts, and say, I'me comely, faire,  
 To grant thee such vaine praises I le not care,  
 When ragged gran'ame *Baucis*, that does crie  
 Unto the looser servants, *Will yee buy*  
*Any sweet hearbes*, has as much wit as thee  
 That thus dost boast of thy vaine pedegree.

That no man will descend to his own heart,  
 And seerch the secrets of that hidden part!  
 No man! But have their eyes fixt ever more  
 Upon his back and bagge; that goes before! ?  
 For doe but aske a man, by chance; D' yee know  
*Vestidius* farmes? He'le say, *Vestidius*? Who?  
 The Chuffe of *Cures*, he whose grounds they say  
 A Kite can scarce flie o're in a whole day?  
 Him ev'n the Gods oppose and the sure fate  
 Of an unluckie *Genius*. Who (the date  
 Of time, bringing againe the Plow-mens e feast  
 When from their painfull labours they have ceas'd,  
 And now hung up their weary *Oxens* yoke  
 By the worne path (upon some aged oke)  
 When he should freely laugh, and make good cheere  
 For other plow-men (tis but once a yeare)  
 Most basely fearing to pull off the clay  
 From his small wine-vessell; hee'le fight, and say,  
 Pray *Iove*, that this my prodigalitie  
 Bring me not in the end, to beguerie!  
 A coated oignon then with salt he ears;  
 (His servants much applauding such brave meats;  
 Nay and rejoycing for their happy lot  
 And for the barly-pudding in the pot)  
 Then sparingly he sups instead of beere,

e These feasts were called *Compitalia*, and were celebrated  
 in henour of their *Larcs*,

The cloathy dregges of dying Viniger.  
 But straight replies the other, if thou noint'ft  
 With supple oyle thy foule lubberly joynts  
 And ly'st in the hot Sun letting it beat  
 Upon thy skin, with its strong parching heat:  
 There's one whom thou scarce know'ft stands here hard by  
 Ev'n at thy elbow, that could likewise cry  
 Against thy manners, and thy lewder art,  
 The depilation of thy modest part,  
 And of thy lungs, to prostitute thereby  
 Unto a barren lust thy pathick thigh:  
 Thy Cheekes bearing a kemb'd, oil'd beard: Elsewhere  
 f Where dost thou too-unjustly smooth appeare?  
 Scrape on, but though five lustie wraстlers would  
 Root up these springing plants: yea though they should  
 with crooked pinners, by their rugging off,  
 Weaken thy parts of shame, though first made soft;  
 With Barbers soapie water, so to yeeld  
 The better, to the plowers of this field:  
 Yet this o're spreading fearne will never bow  
 Unto the deepest furrow-making plow.

Thus we wound others and doe yeeld agen  
 Our thighs unto the darts of other men.  
 And thus we know mans life pursu'd to be  
 By this too-much assumed Libertie.  
 g Yet some mens faults, because they hidden lie  
 From the enquirie of their Enimie,  
 Are not objected to them; yet are knowne  
 To him, to whom they cry, We are thine owne.

f Reader in this line, I entendedly depart from the Letter of  
 mine Author, yet without thy losse. g The passage here, was  
 too obscure, wherefore I was forced to be a little diffuse in the  
 opening of the conuaction, and so inserted these foure verses.

Thou hast a secret wound under thy side;  
 But thy broad gold-boss'd girdle doth it hide:  
 So though thou make men say, th'art well (in vaine)  
 Will thy side say so too, that feels the paine?

Thou'lt here perchancereply, What? when as all  
 My neighbours Me an exc'lent fellow, call;  
 And say, I am not as your common men,  
 Shall J, ah, can I not beleeve 'hem then?

*b* Alas, blinde wretch! if at the sight of gold  
 With avaricious love thou waxest cold  
 And pale, if ev'ry thing thou likewise doe,  
 Which grieve-procuring lust provokes thee to,  
 If on the table of thy Usurie,  
 By most oppressing heaveie crueltie,  
 As by a strong deep-wounded scourge, thou make  
 Many a sure-imprinted grievous strake,  
 To the false praising people thou maist lend.  
 Thy spungie, sucking cares; but to no end.

Seeme not more then thou art, neither believe  
 The ignorant applause base Cobblers give,  
 The curtail'd store of thy bare povertie.

*h* The reply of Persius to his own objection.

THE P.

Who  
 To  
 Of a  
 Brav

# THE FIFT SATYRE.

IN  
FORME OF A  
DIALOGUE.

---

The Speakers } PERSIUS.  
                      { CORNUTVS.

---

ARGUMENT.

*Cornutus prayse : Philosophie:  
Oppos'd desires : true libertie.*

E P. **O**Ur Poets use to wish they had large lungs  
And a whole hundred voices, mouthes, and tongues:  
When they would write a buskin'd Tragœdie,  
To be yawn'd out with the sad Majestic  
Of a Tragœdian: or describe the high  
Brave-minded *parthian* pulling from his thigh

A hook-like bearded dart C. Why speak'st Thou thus  
 And heapest up such vast robustious  
 And swelling lines, that thou thy selfe dost need  
 A hundred throats, if thou'dst attaine indeed  
 The end which such endeavours tend to? Rather  
 Let them, who'le write some losie matter, gather  
 Clouds off of *Helicon*, to whom the pot  
 Of *progne*, or *Thyestes* shall grow hot;  
 Of which, the fond Tragedian *Glyco* must  
 Oft make his supper. But thou neither dust  
 Puffe from thy mouths full bellowes much vaine winde  
 The whilest the matter boyling in thy minde,  
 Thy forge; nor with an inward murmuring  
 Hoarsly crow-like caw'it out some idle-thing,  
 I know not what: nor dost thou strive to stuffe  
 Th' swelling cheekes, to breake them with a puffe.  
 Thy words are words of peace, and accurate  
 Thy stile; thy mouth not swolne, but moderate  
 Smooths out thy numbers; thou canst touch to th' quicke,  
 Pale manners: and with an ingenious trick  
 Strike a crime through, and hence indeed from crimes  
 Doe thou draw still the subject of thy rimes:  
 And leave the feast made with the feet and head  
 Of *Plysthenes* wofully murdered,  
 At sad *Mycenæ*: and doe thou describe  
 Thy peoples banquets full of luxurie.  
 P. Surely, I strive not that my lease may rise  
 With swelling bubbles of vaine fopperies,  
 Fit to give weight to smoake. We speake retir'd:  
 And inwardly I by my muse inspir'd  
 Here offer ev'n my secret heart to bee  
 By thee tri'd fully. For I'de have thee see  
*Cornutus*, dearest friend, how great a part  
 Of my deare, yet divided soule thou art.

Knocke



Knock on my brest: for thou hast skill to knowe  
 What soundeth solid, and the cover'd show  
 Of a guilt tongue. And oh here I could crave  
 A hundred voices; that how much I have  
 Fixt thee within my many seated brest,  
 In a pure fluent stile might be express'd:  
 And that which now ineffable doth dwell  
 Within my heart, in words I here could tell.  
 When first I did begin to leave to feare  
 Under a Master: and left off to weare  
 My purple Coat, and still preserved free  
 From violation my weake infancie:  
 And when my golden Bosse I newly had  
 Hung up to my *a* succinct House-Gods: when bad,  
 And flattering companions guarded me:  
 When now my white Shield granted libertie  
 Unto mine eyes freely to rove throughout  
 The lewd *Subutra*. when I was in doubt  
 Which way to take: and when my trembling minde  
 Was by pernicious errour almost blinde:  
 Mis-led into divided paths: I then  
 Offer'd my selfe to thy instruction. When  
 Thou straight way didst embrace my tender youth  
 In thy *Socraticque* bosome: and the truth  
 Of thy rule well-appli'd, skilfull to draw  
 Feeble inclining minds to reasons law,  
 Shew'd me intorted manners: and thy minde  
 Was press'd by reason, thoroughly confin'd  
 To learned precepts, strove to be o'recome;  
 And tooke a faire forme from thy skilfull thombe.  
 For I remember oft I with delight

*a To signifie their readinesse and expedition in defence of the  
 house, which was committed to their tutelary charge.*

Have spent long daies with thee: and of the night  
 Have borrow'd the first houres, feasting with thee  
 On the choicedainties of Philosophie.

One worke we wrought, we rested both one rest:  
 Mixing severenesse, with a modest jest.

For doubt not, both our birth-daies joyn'd in one  
 Sure league, drawne from one constellation:

Or the unchanged *Parca* weigh'd our time

With an ev'n ballance, or that first, that prime

Birth-houre of us true friends did blessedly

Place our embracing fates in *Gemini*,

And heavie *Saturnes* sterne malignitie

Was broke by our good *Ioves* benignitie

I know not what, but sure some starre J see,

Which inwardly disposes me row'rd's thee.

Yet there's a thousand sorts of men, and strange  
 Varietie doth huma reactions change,

Each hath his sev'rall will, nor doe all live

With one desire. For, one his minde doth give

To Merchandizing, and with care doth runne

Out to the East under the rising Sunne;

To get rough peper, and pale Cummin seed

For *Roman* wares. Another loves to feed.

His paunch, and then swell with destelling sleep;

A third doth *Mars*-field wrafflings duly keep;

A fourth turnes bank-rupt by the desp'rate dye;

A fift growes rotten by damn'd *Venerye*.

But when the knottie hand-gout has once broke

Their joynts, as th' boughs of some decayed oke,

Anger and grieve doe then begin a strife

Within them, for their base and durtie life

Now spent, when now, but now too late, they looke

Upon the life they wretchedly forsooke

But thou in learned writings dost by night

Grow pale, Thou makest it thy cheefe delight  
 To sow young purged eares with fruitfull truths,  
 With good *Cleanthes* fruit draw hence yee youths,  
 Yee old men, for yourselves, some certaine end,  
 Some helps from cares your old age to defend,  
*b* To morrow wee'le doe this. *b* Alas! you'le doe  
 The same, to morrow, *c* Why aske we of you  
 So much, to wit, onely one day? *c* But when  
 The third day comes, we have consumed then  
 To-morrow Yesterday: and thus to borrow  
 Of time, though yet to come, still one to-morrow;  
 Will secretly drive out our yeares at last;  
 When ev'ry day a new day will be past,  
 Never to be recover'd. For thou wheele  
 Which doth about the second Axle reele  
 Hindermost, maist in vaine strive to or'take  
 The first still turning forward, which doth make  
 Like hast, with eqnall swiftnesse, though thou be  
 Hard by it plac'd under the selfe same tree.

Whos' eyer then true libertie would gaine,  
 Let him embrace Philosophie, for vaine  
 Is other freedome, such, to wit, whereby  
 Any new *Publias* may familiarity  
 In his (the *Ueline*) tribe coorse corne demand  
 By bringing out his token in his hand.  
 O men barraine of truth, that think they can,  
 Make with a turning, a *Quiritian*!  
 Here's *Dama* a base horse-keeper, not worth  
 Three halfe-pence, a meere sot that can't took forth  
 From out the mist of *Ignorance*, and one

*b* He brings them in answering for themselves, and the *n* he  
 replies againe unto them. *c* Another answer of theirs, with  
 his own reply.

Who'll lie ev'n for the least occasion,  
 For horse-bread, whom if's Master turne about,  
 I'h' moment of the whirling he goes out  
 Straight, *Marcus Dama*. The Gods! Darst deny  
 To trust one, *Marcus* being suretie?

O, *Marcus* being judge, art pale with feare  
 Of wrong? *Marcus* said it, then thou maist sweare  
 Tis true. Now *Marcus* seale the Bond. Oh, here's  
 Brave Libertie and true, which our Cap weares  
 As well as we! d Why is there any free,  
 But he, the which doth live at libertie?

I live at libertie, and am not J  
 More free then *Brutus* then? Oh here stands by  
 A well-taught *Stoicke*, whose more purged eare  
 Is wash'd, as 'twere, with Truths sharp vineger,  
 That saies, I grant the first; but where you say,  
 I live at libertie, take that away.

f Why? since J came from th' *Pretors* rod mine owne  
 Free man, Ile now be subject unto none;

And why may n't J doe with full libertie  
 Whats'e're g *Masurius* doth not deny?

h Oh, learne, but this thy anger first depose;  
 And let fall from thy too-much-wrinkled nose,  
 Thy tugged scoffe? whilst from thy lungs J pull  
 These old wives tales, of which thy brest's yet full,  
 It was not in the *Prators* pow'r to give  
 Pure wisdom unto fooles, or make them live  
 By reasons rule. No; thou shalt sooner fit  
 Unto the harp, a rough rude souldiers wit.

d The answer of *Dama* now *manumis'd*. e The reply of *Percius*.  
 t Another answer of *Dama*. g A famous Lawyer,  
 and afterwards a Knight of Rome. h Another reply of  
*Percius*.

Gainst

'Gainst which reason doth stand, and secretly  
 Whispers him in the eare, and saies, Fie, Fie;  
 Never attempt what thou canst ne're reach to,  
 And only spoile, whilst thou dost strive to doe.  
 The law of man and nature both denie  
 Weake ignorance the priviledge to trie  
 Forbidden things. Dost thou mixe *Hellebore*  
 For a sick patient, who ne're tri'd'st before  
 To weigh't exactly to a dramme? The art  
 Of Physick bids thee not dare act this part;  
 If a rude high-shoo'd clowne offer to steere  
 A ship not knowing his guide *Lucifer*,  
 The Sea-God *Melicerta* may exclaime,  
*The brow of modesty has lost all shame?*  
 Has vertues art taught thee to walke upright?  
 And canst thou with a perspicacious sight  
 Discerne the shew of truth from truth? Dost know  
 Counterfeit gold by the sound? and canst thou shew  
 What thingsto follow, what things to decline,  
 The first with chalke, the last with coale to signe?  
 Art of confin'd desires? hast thou a small  
 And pretty well-trim'd houte? art kinde to all  
 Thy friends? canst wisely sometimes shut thy store,  
 Sometimes open thy garners to the poore?  
 And with a pure affection unhurt  
 Canst thou passe over money & fixt i'the durt?  
 Nor as a greedy glutton, love to lick

*i An allusion to the sport that children used, who tying a peice  
 of money to the end of a string, would cover the string with  
 durt, and let the money be seene, which, when any greedy fel-  
 low passing by, would stoope to take up, they would pluck in  
 the string; and so delude him.*

*Mercuriall*

*Mercuriall* spittle, which doth use to stick  
 Vpon the tippes of Niggards? When as all  
 These things thou maist thine own most truly call;  
 Then, Oh be wise, enjoy true liberty,  
 The *prætors*, yea, and great *love* blessing thee,  
 But Thou but th'other day of our degree,  
 Retaining still thy old skinne, being free  
 Only in a smooth brow, that outward part,  
 Deepe subtilty lurking in thy foule heart:  
 The Liberty I gave thee, I againe  
 Recall, and doe tye shorter now thy chaine.  
 For Reason unto thee doth nothing lend:  
 Lift but thy *k* Finger up, thou dost offend;  
 And what's so small? But thou shalt ne're obtaine  
 By any franke incense that the least Graine  
 Of wisdom shall e're rest within a foole:  
 To mix these Two, is against Natures rule.  
 Nor shalt thou, thou remaining a Clowne still,  
 Ere daunce three measures with *Bathyllus* skill.  
 I P'me Free. I How canst thou say to, thy affection  
 Being invassal'd to the worst subjection?  
 Knowst thou no other Master, but he whom  
 The Manumitting rod did free thee from?  
 Indeed if Now, one say imperiously  
 To's slave, Goe, Sirra, carry presently  
 This linnen to *Crispinus* Bathes; dost stand

*k* Ramirez (in his Commentary on Martial, lib. I. Epig. I.)  
 would perswade us that this place is meant de Medio digito;  
 but his exposition is somewhat ranke, and I will justly oppose  
 him with that discreet admonition of Turnebus (*Advers. lib.*  
 23. cap. 23. Non sunt iam ex alto ducendi sensus, de qui-  
 bus poeta nihil cogitarit. I Another reply of Dama, and the  
 answer of Persius.

Sill, Lazie knave? This his severe command  
 Doth move thee nothing: because now no whip  
 May scourge Thy Lazie sides, to make Thee skip.  
 But if within, in thy sick lungs doe spring  
 Head-strong desires, art Thou in any thing  
 Lesse servile then, than is such a poote knave,  
 Whom th' whip and feare of's Master made a slave?

Thou lying long in bed, avarice cries,  
 Vp, Vp, Not yet, saist thou: For shame arise,  
 Cries shee; I can't thou dost reply: Why so,  
 Saies shee againe? Rise, Rise; dost thou not know  
 What thou should'st doe? Why goe to th'Sea, bring thence  
 Fish, Beaver-oile, flaxe, Eben, frankincense,  
 And loofning wines of Co, and be the first  
 To fetch from th' Camel, whilest he yet doth thirst,  
 Fresh pepper: exchange somewhat, and forswear  
 For Gaine. O but (alas!) then *Love* will heare,  
 Why, foole, if thou wilt dwell with *Love*, thou shalt  
 Striving but to get our one tast of salt,  
 Boare a hole through thy oft-lick'd salt-seller.  
 Well; being got up, thou dost (not to deferre  
 To execute her will) provide thy men  
 Bagges for to lay their clothes in, and then  
 Lai'st in wine, with such other things thou knowst  
 Are fit for Navigation: then straight go'st  
 To shippe, where nothing hinders thee to saile  
 O're the *Aegean* Sea with a full gale,  
 But *Luxurie*. That doth seduce thy weake  
 Unstaydnesse, and thus with *Art* doth speake.

Whither, Oh whither madman, dost thou run?  
 Whither? What lackst thou? What would'st thou have done?  
 (m And now thy hot brest with strong ire doth swell,

m These two lines the Poet interjects in his own person.

Which

Which a whole por of Hemlock can scarce quell,) Wilt thou passe ore the Seas? Wilt thou ere eate Thy Supper, making a Stretch'd Rope thy seate? Shall a broad-bottom'd tankard that does stinke Of pitch fume out the wine, that Thou must drinke? Nay, vile ruddie *Veientane* wine? striv'st thou To make thy lab'ring money sweat forth now Elev'n in twelve. the which did heere obaine Ne're above Five in Twelve; a modest gaine? Come, come: cherish thy *Genius*: let's be free T'enjoy a full delight: for without Me Life is Not: and remember that ere long, Thou shalt be but a Ghost, dust, and the song O'th'People. Think how thou by death shalt passe Away, like Time. This which I'ue spoke, it was. What dost thou now? Two hookes a double way Now draw thee; Wilt thou this, or this obey? Thou must be slave to both alternately: Now serving Avarice, now Luxurie. Nor maist thou, if thou dost for Once withstand Their instant and importunate command, Say straight, I'ue broke their bands; For loe, A dogge by tugging breaks his knot, just so, Who, though he runne away and bite and straine, Yet at his neck doth traile much of his chaine.

*Cherestatus* in serious meditation  
 Biting his naile to th'quick through deep vexation  
 Saies to his man; *Davus*, I now intend  
 All my fore-passed griefes and Love to end;  
 Beleeve mee. For shall I be still a shame,  
 Unto my sober carefull friends good name?  
 Shall I spend all my stock with infamy  
 At the lewd threshold of a Stews? Shall I  
 Drunke before *Chrysis* nointed moist doores stand

Singing,



Singing, my torch extinguish'd in my hand?  
*O* n rare young *Master!* Behence-forward wise  
 And offer up a lambe in sacrifice,  
 To thy protecting Gods. *o* But dost believe  
*Danus*, if *I* forsake her, that sheele grieve?  
*p* Dost trifle, Idle boy? Then she shall breake  
 Thy pate with her red pantoffe, and wreake  
 Her spight upon thee, that thou shalt not dare  
 To quake, nor bite her fast-entangling snare.  
 Th'art Now averse ad violent, but when  
 She shall perchance but call thee: thou'lt say then;  
 I come straight waies, for, why? what should I doe?  
 Shant *I* goe to my Love, when Shee doth Woo,  
 And sends for me? But if thou canst Now, Now  
 Redeeme thy selfe All and Entire, Thou, Thou  
 Art that thrise happy man, that only He  
 Whom only, We judge to be truly free,  
 Not he, o're whom the foolish *Listor* waggess  
 His rod; and of him, as his Freeman bragges,  
 For, Oh, can he be truly call'd his owne,  
 Whom Candidate Chaulkie ambition  
 Drawes gaping to her lure? To whom she cries,  
*q* Vnto thy Clients salutations rise  
 By time, and give a lib'rall doale of pease  
 Vnto the scrambling multitude: that these  
 Our large *Floralia* may be made the talke  
 Of Aged men hereafter as they walke  
 In the warme Sunne; For wha can be more brave?

*n* *Davus* his rejoycing at his *Masters* promised reformation.  
*o* The interrogation of *Chærestatus* to his servant *Davus*.  
*p* *Davus* his indignation, at his *Masters* weake inconstancie.  
*q* The words of Ambition.

And

And art not Superstitious to have  
 On *Herods* birth-day, many candles plac'd  
 In order i'th' oild window much defac'd  
 By the fat clowd the which they vomit out,  
 Though with sweet violets th'are deck'd about,  
 And t'have a *Tunies* taile, as 'twere to swimme  
 In a red dish, thy white bowle full to th'brimme  
 with wine, yet dost not fast till night, and pray  
 All the *Iewes* circnmcised Sabbath-day?  
 Then with *Hobgobiins*, and the feigned feare  
 Of danger from a cracktegge, and th'austere  
 Grave Priests of *Cybill*, and the one-eyed meid  
 Of *Isis* with her timbrell, th'art dismaid:  
 And thinkst the Gods will pusse with some disease  
 Thy swelling skinne: if thou shalt them displease:  
 Refusing by their grave rules to be led,  
 To tast each morne three times a Garlick-head.

And saist thou yet, thou liv'st at liberty,  
 Being subject to th'extremest vanity?

Yet speake this, which the Gods doe know, is true,  
 Mongst ful-veind souldiers: what would straight ensue?  
 Some vast *Volpenius* with a full deepthroat  
 Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note:  
 And ten times tenne Philosophers of *Greece*  
 Would scarcely prize at a clipt Ten=groats peece.

† *These words are spoken in the person of Persius.*

THE  
SIXT AND LAST  
SATYRE,  
TO HIS FRIEND  
CÆSIUS BASSUS  
*a Lyrique Poet.*

---

ARGUMENT.

*The pining Niggards fraitleffe care,  
To feed the lust of his lewd heire.*

**N**OW, *Bassus*, hath the cold made thee retire  
Thy selfe, this winter, to the *Sabine* fire?  
Doe thy own harpe and strings live to thee still,  
Sounding lowd musick with a stiffer quill?  
Great workman! whose blest Muse sweet lines affords  
Full of the Native beauty of Old words:  
And on the *Roman* harpe with happinesse  
Of skill, a masculine, strong sound t' expresse:  
Now playing young menssports, now playing some  
Brave Old mens actions, with an honest thombe.  
The warme *Ligurian* shoare growes hot to mee:  
And I'me now wintered at my native Sea;

Where

Where the rocks yeeld a shoare to them that saile,  
 And where the haven into a large vale  
 Retires it selfe. *Tis fairely worth the sight,*  
*The port of Luna full of much delight.*  
 Thus said wise *Ennius* Aft'r h' had dreamed he was  
*Homer*, the first form'd by *Pythagoras*  
 His Peacocke soule. Here I rem'd live free  
 From caring what the People think of me:

*pic* And what th'unluckie South-wind doth prepare  
*pic* For Cattle; Nor doe I take griefe or care  
*unol* If that my neighbours field's more fat then mine;  
*pic* Let all poore-borne grow rich, Ile never pine  
*sub* With slooping age; for That or want good cheere:  
*sub* Or touch the signe of dreggy sealed beere  
 In a hoar'd flaggon. Yet another may  
 Dissent from this. For oft the same birth-day  
 Hath an Ascendent strongly influent  
 Producing ev'n in twinnes a different  
 Yea an opposed *Genius*, For the one  
 Warily with great circumspection,  
 And on his Birth-day, only dips his drie  
 Coorse hearbs in brinish sauce, which he doth buy  
 In a small cup, His Own selfe sprinkling  
 His dish with Pepper as a Holy thing.  
 The other a brave boy couragiously  
 Spends his large portion in luxury  
 On his consuming tooth, But as for Mine,  
 Ile Use it: yet ne're let my Freedmen dine  
 With Turbers: nor be curious-mouth'd to know  
 But by the tast, if't be a Thrush or no.  
 Proportion thy expences by thy gaine:  
 And grind out freely (for thou maist) thy graine  
 Laid up within thy barnes. What shouldst thou feare?  
 But harrow, and behold straight will appeare

Another

Another harvest. *a* Why, *J* would thus spend,  
 But dotie hinders me. For my poore friend,  
 His ship being split, held by the *Brutian*  
 Sharp rocks; and bur'd in th' *Ionian*  
 Rough waves all his estate, and his deafe cries  
 Neglected by the Gods, and himselfe lies  
 Upon the shoare wih his great Gods, which he  
 Caught from his broken ship, whose ribs now be  
 Expos'd unto the *Cormorant*. *b* Nay, Now  
 Give him some of thy Land, and doe not thou  
 Think thou canst be too free, Let him not lack,  
 Wandring with a greene \* Table at his back.  
 But if thou impaire thy wealth, thy angered heire  
 Of thy last funerall feast will take small care;  
 And with neglect into thy urne will throw  
 Thy bones without perfumes, carelesse to knowe  
 Whether he buy dull-smelling *Cinnamum*,  
 Or *Cassia* corrupt with *Cherry-gumme*.  
 Hee'll say, What dost thou idly spend thy wealth,  
 My portion, being in thy perfect health?  
 But more; I'me surether's thrifrie *Bestius*  
 Doth presse your learn'd *Græcian* Doctors, thus;  
 Thus 'tis, since your fond *Liberalitie*;  
 Rather *c* emasculate soft *Luxurie*,  
 With pepper, dates, and other ware hath come  
 From your lewd *Greece* unto our *City Rome*,

*a* The covetous man pretended reason in defence of himselfe.  
*b* Persius his reply. \* The table of his shipwrack. *c* Thus with  
 the most accurate interpreters, I render *Maris* *Exper*, taking  
*Maris* for the genitive case of *Maris*; not of *Mare*. For then  
 there were a manifest contradiction in the sense, because pre-  
 sently after, he saies, it came from *Greece*, and so by conse-  
 quent over the *Sea*.

E

Or

the which have brought  
 032 the parts downe to all  
 head at all to us of men that have

Our very Mowers doe with too much oile  
 Their ancient wholsome meate sawcily spoile  
 Bursear'st these things beyond thy grave? Draw neere;  
 Thou whosoe're shalt be my heire, and heare;  
 And that into our talke none may intrude,  
 Let us retire from the thick multitude  
 My friend, know'st not the newes? *Cæsar* hath sent  
 A Laurell for a signe and ornament  
 Of his great conquest over *Germanie*:  
 And the cold ashes which before did lie  
 Upon the Altars, are now swept away:  
 And with great care and joy *e Cæsonia*  
 Fixeth the conquer'd Kings armour of proofe  
 And all their weapons to the temples rooffe,  
 Clads all the Captives in a durt-browne freize,  
 Placeth the *Rheni* of a huge vast size;  
 And orders all their coaches: 'Wherefore I  
 Will bring for this so happy victory  
 f To th' Gods and our great Captaines *Genius*  
 An hundred paire of fencers. I being thus  
 Freely dispos'd, who doth forbid? Dar'st thou?  
 Woe; if thou yeeld'st not, Say, that I'me pleas'd now  
 Upon the people to bestow a doale  
 Of oile and flesh-pies; dost thou dare controule?  
 Speake out, and plainly. Why, your land, thou'lt say,  
 Is not so fat, so bonelesse, but I may,  
 For any cause J see, not greatly care,  
 Whether or no, you doe make me your heire.

d *Perius here answers to the objection, which he himselfe brought for the covetous man.* c *The Emperour Caligula's wife makes all things ready for the triumph.* f *The Romans counted their Fencers shewes and Plaies a part of their Religion; as Turnebus well observes in his Advers. lib. 39. cap. 7. p. 1093.*

Well then, (scorne thou my love; yet thus much know;  
 Enough will be my heire; and thanke me too.  
 For were none of my fathers sisters left;  
 No cousin-germane; or were J bereft  
 Of all my Unkle's neeces daughters, say,  
 My mothers sister had di'd barren, nay,  
 That none sprung from my grandame did survive.  
 Briefly, that not one kinsman were alive.  
 Il'e goe but to *g Boville*, or the *g hill*  
 Of *Virbius*, where standeth ready still,  
 Poore *Mannius*; he shall be my heire. *h* What he?  
 A sonne o' th' earth? obscure? *h* Why aske of me,  
 Who was my fourth Forefather, J cann't well  
 And readily declare, though J can tell.  
 But if you'de know his Father, and againe  
 That fathers father, sure you must remaine  
 Satisfied thus; that he did draw his birth  
 Immediatly from his Mother earth;  
 And so at last, you'le finde *Mannius* to be  
 By right of kinne great Unkle unto me.  
 Yet why at all should'st thou indeed desire  
 To be my heire, when thou might'st be my Sire  
 For age? and why should'st thou demand of me  
 My torch, when J in i course runne after thee?  
 Yet if thou be my heire, me thinks, thou ought'st  
 To be content, with what thou never bought'st

*g These were Places not far from Rome, whereby beggers used to aske almes of Passengers. h The interrogation of his covetous heire, and the reply of Persius. i An allusion to the race celebrated in honour of Prometheus, where the first running with a torch in his hand, w<sup>h</sup> he was weary, gave it to the next after him.*

I'me *Mercury*, and come, to Thee, a God,  
 As he is & Painted. With a churlish nod  
 Scorn'st my free offer? Wilt not thou be glad  
 For what is left? Why, heres not all you had  
 Left to you by your Father, & True indeed.  
 Much I did spend on my own proper need.  
 But, briefly, this is all is left, which all  
 I'll give to thee; and doe not thou now brawle  
 Unkindly with me, neither aske me where  
 Is that which *Tullius* left me, and ne're  
 Giv'e me hard words, as fathers drawing nigh  
 Their end, doe give their sonnes before they die;  
 Saying, See thou put out the Principall,  
 And spend but of the Use, let that be all.  
*m* But yet, What's left? *m* What's left? Now lib'rally  
 Pow're boy, pow're oyle upon my hearbs. Shall I  
 Upon a high festivall day, be fed  
 With a sod nettle, and a leane swines head  
 Hung up i'th' smoake by th' eare; unto the end  
 This lewd knave may my goods hereafter spend?  
 And fill'd with dainty jiblets, without shame  
 Lewdly embrace a soft *Patrician* Dame;  
 When as his wayward, full swolne, chiding veine;  
 With an uncertaine lust doth sob againe?  
 Shall I be like the warpe of bare cloath, that  
 To him a strutting panch may quag with fat?  
*n* Oh, sell thy soule for gaine, to leave thy heire  
 Weakhy, and so thou gettest by thy ware.

*k* With a purse of money in his hand. *l* The murmuring ob-  
 jection of his covetous heire, and the reply of *Perseus* *m* One  
 murmuring interrogation more, of his greedie heire; and the  
 reply of *Perseus* full of indignation. *n* A Satyricall Irony in  
 the person of some Third Speaker.

Ne're



Ne're care how honestly. Sift ev'ry coast;  
 Of the whole world, that that thou maist truly boast,  
 No man feeds fatter *Cappadocian* knaves  
 In a rough cage, then are thy lustie slaves.  
 Double thy wealth. o 'Tis done; nay't has increas'd  
 Three, foure, ten-fold as much. Yet scarce is 'ceas'd.  
 And now, where likewise J may rest, designe;  
*Chrysippus*, thou that didst thy 'p heap confine. —

o *The answer of Persius.* p *Sorites, of which kinde of Argumentation Chrysippus was the Author.*

The end of P E R S I U S.

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To the Author his very good Friend,

*by* D. BARTEN HOLYDAY



*E*-living Persius, daies birth, heir of fame;  
I wrong not Persius, giving thee his name;  
If any, I wrong thee, for what He did  
Had'st thou him not illustred, had beene hid.  
This being but thy Pedestall of prayse,  
Oh what a Pyramis will thy Next worke raise?  
True Laureat, with blest Omens goe thou on;  
All-imitable, imitating none,  
I speake not this (nor need'st thou it) of Favour:  
But as one consciours of thy Great works labour.  
My tongue was never oyld i' th' base claw-art,  
In Others read thou Wit, in Me my Heart,

W. W E B.

To my learned Friend D. BARTEN  
HOLYDAY upon his iudicious tran-  
slation of PERSIUS.

**W**Hat lay imprison'd, and confin'd alone  
Only to deeper apprehension;  
Thy more benigne, sublimd, transcendent wit  
Hath reacht, and conquer'd, and imparted it.  
And giv'n't to all, which makes it more thine own  
Since all are heires of that invention,  
Nor doth one iot, so sweet congruity,

*Adulterate*

*Adulterate the Latine chastity;  
All things conserv'd so terse, so nothing lost,  
As if thou didst consult with th' Authors Ghost;  
Such height, such sacred indignation  
As seemes a Perlius, no Translation.  
On, learned Quill; thus vindicate thy name  
From times proud Injury, Traytor to fame:  
Nor suffer yet, that Italy so long  
Should make her Vice speake English, not her tongue;  
Whip back her bastards, send them home to Rome;  
Let her that was their Parent, be their tombe.  
Means while I dare Congratulate our Crimes  
Made happy that they could produce these Rimes.*

BRIAN DUPPA. Bishop of Sarum.

## AN APOSTROPHE OF THE Translator to his Author PERSIVS,

**T**HOU art Redeem'd; Nor has the Fate of Time  
And Vice seiz'd on thy glory, the worst crime  
Which does o'recloud the guilty, addes to Thee  
A Lustre which out shines obscurity. (Rome  
Who thought not, that the Great-borne Spirit of  
Had lien o'rewhelm'd in her Last Brutus tombe?  
Yet did it not: but did at last bring forth  
Thee the Example of her Ancient worth.  
In whom, had Vesta's fire by which Rome stood  
Been out, there might have yet been found as good.  
Mount then, thou purer fire, and let thy heate

And thou, O *fiery* *flame*  
Which may be light to their own shame;  
Which, as a Comet, may affright the earth  
With horror, at its own prodigious birth;  
And, with its darting taile threatening dread  
Vengeance, point out to wrath each guilty head,  
Be thou the Vestal fire, thy Priest Ile be,  
And consecrate my vigilance to Thee.  
Be thou th' enlivening Sunne, Ile be the Earth;  
And offer up to thee this gratefull birth  
Of thanks: which thus new grow'n, though straight it  
It has liv'd Ages in its Infancy. *Die,*  
Action, not Time, does number Age. Who gives  
A just praise to great Virtues Patrone, lives  
Himselfe by his just gratitude. Let Spight  
Then doe its worst, and with eternall night  
Labour to cloud my name. Obscure to lie  
With Virtue, is an immortalitie.

Batten Holyday.

**T**HIS last has but Six knots: but see thou mend  
Or peradventure else I shall intend  
Although my angry *Muse* saies Shee will be  
No more thus Wit-bound, thus Tongue tied, not  
To come in Fury; and thee Naked strip; (Shee  
And Scourge thee with a Sixteen knotted whip.

FINIS.

